Daily Public Ledger.

THOMAS A. DAVIS, Publisher.

MAYSVILLE, : : KENTUCKY.

A COMPLAINT.

I have a little brother boy,
But he's so very small,
I can't see what he's made for—
He's just no good at all.

No one could call him handsome;
He's only eight weeks old;
He stays in bed 'most all the day,
And doesn't like the cold.

He cannot talk as I can,
Nor eat nice meat and bread;
He cannot even walk around
Or stand upon his head!

But what provokes me most is
To hear him wail and cry;
Then mamma hugs and kisses him
And sings a hushaby.

But if I fall upon the floor
And hurt my precious head,
Nurse says: "You are too big to cry—
I'll put you right to bed!"

And I am only three years old,
With lovely curly hair—
I only cry for kisses;
Now, do you think it's fair?
—Katharine N. Birdsall, in Outlook.

DOCTOR FORNEY.

MR. CHARLES MARION had ridden a vicious horse, against the express prohibition of everybody who knew anything about it, and a broken arm was the consequence.

Squire Selwyn's black horse, Thunder, was well known in the vicinity, and his extraordinary faculty for multiplying broken heads had brought him into such disrepute that the squire was obliged to keep him because nobody would purchase him.

Charles was the squire's nephew—a young man of twenty-five or six, and as conceited as young men of that age are apt to be. He had come from the city for a month's vacation, and, having ridden Thunder, and got his arm broken, was safely housed away in the cool spare chamber to await the coming of a physician.

"How very unfortunate it is," said Kate Selwyn, entering the chamber just as Charles' small stock of patience was exhausted; "but Dr. Stone has gone out of town for a week, and left Dr. Forney to take his place."

"Send for Dr. Forney, then," exclaimed Charles, impatiently.

"I have, but I expect you will decapitate me for it. You know you detest strong-minded women, and Dr. Forney—"

"Of course I do. A strong-minded woman ought to be put in a straitjacket. But what has that got to do with Dr. Forney?"

"Oh, here she is!" cried Kate, and the door opened to admit a rather slight young woman. She was rosy and pretty, with soft, loose curls of yellowish hair, a pair of mischievous brown eyes and a set of teeth white as pearls. She showed them when she smiled.

"A patient for you, doctor," said Kate, indicating Charles with a nod.

"Good gracious!" cried the patient, "you don't pretend to say that this young lady is a doctor?"

"Dr. Forney, Mr. Martin," said Kate, gravely.

"I beg your pardon," said Charles, a little haughtily, "I should prefer to have my arm attended to by a—a gentleman."

"I am sorry for your sake that I am not a gentleman," said Dr. Forney, bowing; "I regret it extremely, but I do not see how I can help it."

"No, no, of course not. But do you think you have courage enough to set a broken limb?"

"Try me, and then answer the question yourself."

Without more ado the doctor proceeded to business; and, though Charles was

"A PATIENT FOR YOU, DOCTOR."

as nervous as any old woman, the limb was skillfully set, and the patient quieted down to sleep before Dr. Forney left him.

I don't like sick or lame heroes; I don't think them interesting anywhere out of a three-volume novel, for they are generally fretful and cross and want more waiting on than two grandmothers and a great-grand-uncle. But I am obliged to introduce you to a broken-armed hero in order to tell you about Dr. Alice Forney.

When Charles awoke he was prepared to be very much outraged.

"I declare, it is abominable," he said, to Kate, "to think of that little bit of pink and white femininity being a doctor! Why, she looks as if she was just fit to sort worsted and work blue dogs on a yellow background. A woman with a profession is simply disgusting. And the idea of that girl going around and setting broken limbs and giving physic! Faugh!

"She's a pretty, genteel girl," said old Mrs. Selwyn, warmly, "and doesn't spend half of her time in dawdling around and curling her hair. She means to make her way herself, she says; and so she does. She gave me something for my newrollogy that cured me right up."

"And she is so gentle, and has a kind word for everyone," said Kate.

"I can't help that," replied Charles; "she can't be a true woman and usurp the profession of a man. Goodness, I wonder how a fellow would feel making love to her?"

"Suppose you try and find out?" said Kate, wickedly.

"Me? Humph! I wouldn't marry an angel if she had a profession. Heaven deliver me from your strong-minded women!"

But, notwithstanding Charles' disgust at professional females, he flourished finely under Dr. Forney's care. The doctor came every day, and her calls were prolonged. Mr. Marion had so much to tell about his sleepless nights and his weary days and the twinges of pain in his arm and the way his head felt and so on and so forth that Dr. Forney's forenoons were often half absorbed in these visits to her squeamish patient.

One day the doctor came later than usual, and seemed a little hurried. She did not give Charles' headache so much sympathy as usual, and when he began to talk about his nerves she looked out of the window and apparently did not hear him.

Charles felt wronged and insulted. What did he pay a physician for but to comfort him and give him sympathy? Especially when that physician was a woman.

"You will be well attended now," said the doctor, rising to go. "Dr. Stone has returned, and will see you before night."

"Hang Dr. Stone!" returned Charles, irreverently.

"Oh, no! I thought you had more confidence in men, as physicians, than in women."

"Who told you so?"

"I had received that impression. And I thought you would be delighted that he had returned."

"Well, I am not."

"Oh! Indeed?"

"No."

"You will do well enough now, Mr. Marion, under any circumstances. Your arm is doing very well, and in a few days—"

"I tell you it aches horridly, and my

"DON'T GO!" SAID CHARLES.

head, too. Seems as if you might have some pity for me."

"Of course I pity you very much; but I cannot stay to tell you sonow. I am rather busy at this time. I have a great many things to get ready, you know."

"For what? Ready for what?" gasped Charles. "Good heavens! you don't mean to say you are going to be married?"

Dr. Forney laughed.

"No. I am going west."

"For how long?"

"An indefinite period. For all my life, if I am pleased with the country. You know I have my fortune to make, and there is a very good opening in Wisconcin."

Something rose up in Charles Marion's throat and nearly suffocated him. He put out his hand and drew Dr. Forney to his side. And the doctor looked embarrassed and blushed, just as any other girl might have done under such circumstances.

"Don't go!" said Charles, eagerly. "If it is an opening you are looking for, there is one nearer home!"

And he opened his arms, entirely forgetting that one of them was unfit for service.

"Mr. Marion!"

"Alice, I love you! There—it is out, thank heaven! I love you with my whole soul!"

"Nonsense!" said Alice. "How a fellow must feel making love to a female doctor!"

"You overheard my insane talk? Well, never mind. I don't care a particle. It will give you a chance to exercise your spirit of forgiveness. For Alice, my darling, you are going to forgive me, for broken hearts are worse than broken bones."

Dr. Forney succumbed to Mr. Marion's logic, and became his wife as soon as he was able to be about his business. She still practices occasionally, and Charles has quite overcome his prejudice for women who follow professions. —Selected.

Good for His Memory.

"My husband always walks past the hat-rack and puts his hat on the piano."

"Mine used to do so too, but I cured him."

"How did you do it?"

"I moved the piano into the hall and brought the hat-rack into the parlor."—Chicago Record.

Survival of the Fittest.

The argument was at its height.

"All men are born equal," cried the short man. You can't circumvent that. All men are born equal."

"I don't want to circumvent it," shouted the other. "I admit it readily. Of course, all men are born equal. But they get over it in an hour or two."—Chicago Tribune.

—Courage is adversity's lamp.—Vauvenargues.

FLOORED BY THE "DORKIE BIRD."

A Chicago Girl Undone by the Ornithological Efforts of a Church Singer.

The other evening, at one of the large Presbyterian churches on the south side, a specially attractive service was held. It had been widely advertised, and every seat was filled. In one of the forward pews sat a young person who eagerly waited for the proceedings to commence.

The opening number on the programme was a voluntary beginning: "A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." But the young person hadn't a programme and she didn't know.

A woman's beautiful voice rang out clear and strong, and the young person taxed her ears to catch the words. At first they eluded her exasperatingly, but by patience and close attention she finally grasped the situation. The singer considered a day in the courts of the Lord to a thousand spent elsewhere. So far so good. But the next sentence staggered the young person. The singer trilled forth that she had rather be a "dorkie bird" in the house of her God than to occupy an elevated position in a less righteous place.

The young person pondered. Since her early infancy she had been fed on verses and chapters from the Bible, but somehow she couldn't seem to remember any reference to a "dorkie bird." She must be mistaken in the word, she thought, and settled herself to listen to the tenor, who was now warbling the sweet melody. Surely he would sing the words plainly. But no, the rendition was as before—"dorkie bird." The contralto and bass made no change in the version, but sang it as the soprano and tenor had done.

The young person's mind was perturbed. She could not fix her thoughts on the prayer which followed, but bowed her head and meditated on the various Biblical combinations. No, she could not recall the least reference to a "dorkie bird," but if the choir sang about it surely there must be such a thing. She wondered if it were anything like an English sparrow. Evidently it was a humble member of the feathery tribe, for it was used in an unimportant connection.

During a subsequent vocal number she leaned toward her escort. "What is a dorkie bird?" she whispered softly.

"A what?" he inquired.

"A dorkie bird."

He turned on her a pair of interested eyes. "A what?" he asked again.

"Oh, never mind," she whispered, nervously. "It's nothing. They are going to pray."

To the exclusion of all else that idea of the unusual bird occupied her attention during the remainder of the service. When she reached home she rushed to her room and seized her Bible. After an arduous search she found the place and read: "A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper—"

"Doorkeeper! Oh!" she said, faintly, and sat down on the edge of the bed.—Chicago News.

COCOANUT PUDDINGS.

Which Must Not Be Made of the Dried Nuts.

The fresh cocoanut was once looked forward to in the spring by housekeepers as a choice dainty, but since the general introduction of dried cocoanut there has been little demand for the fresh nuts of the palm. Though no prepared cocoanut is equal to the moist, rich meat of a freshly-grated nut, it is a saving of time and vexation to use it.

No one who has seen the cocoanut palm growing in the tropics and has eaten the nut in its soft, immature state as well as when it is ripe, feels much attracted to the various dried preparations. South Americans look upon the cocoanut palm with peculiar reverence. It is never found far from the habitations of men. An Indian proverb says it refuses to grow beyond the sound of the human voice. Its branches and creamy white flowers are much used in decorating South American markets. Boughs of cocoanut with long blossoms floating on the wind are borne before the strange medieval procession of cowled and rope-girdled penitents.

The immature cocoanut is seldom in a fit state for eating, as the nut spoils in this condition soon after it is picked. In South America the green or soft cocoanut, before the milk has separated from the nut, is scooped out after splitting off the husk and cutting through the shell of the nut, and is served in glasses, to be eaten with a spoon, always accompanied by a dish of delicate "dulce," or sweetmeats, in the preparation of which the South American housekeepers always excel. A little white cocoanut pudding is a most delicious tropical dessert, which is served with a delightful South American "dulce" made from fragrant guavas. The whites of four eggs are beaten into a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar; then the grated meat of one cocoanut is added, reserving about half a cupful to scatter in the cups. Butter the cups inside, sprinkle with sugar, then with grated cocoanut, six cups holding each a gill and a half. Add gradually three cupfuls of rich milk or cream to the whites of eggs, sugar and cocoanut and beat the mixture thoroughly with a French egg whip. Fill the cups and set them in a pan of warm water and let the puddings bake for one hour. When done, turn them out on a low dessert platter and serve them with this sauce.

Beat two yolks of eggs in a bowl with an ounce and a half of flour and three rounded spoonfuls of sugar. Add a pint of milk gradually to the preparation and return the whole to the fire; beat two minutes, and the moment it boils add a wine glass of brandy, or serve the puddings simply with a sweet orange or guava sweetmeat.—N. Y. Tribune.

—The verbena is indicative of sensibility. This plant is said by some naturalists to display almost animate reason in choosing its habitat.

THE WORD HE WANTED.

A Denver Mining Man Who Was "Studyin' the Lingo."

The Mining exchange, which has had a rather checkered experience, brought some unique persons the city. When the exchange was opened there was an influx of mining men, and for a time they kept the hotel district busy. They were men of great hospitality—to use their own expressions, "well lined with money"—and of a convivial nature. They were willing to meet everyone on equal grounds, and if anyone tried to appear superior to them they were ready to fight. Many of them were men that "struck it rich" in a paying streak, and had only a thin veneer of culture. Once in awhile they manifested the rough-and-ready characteristics of the placer miner. Perhaps none of the visitors caused so much amusement and was so thoroughly sociable as a certain mining man who stayed at the Imperial hotel. He is gone now, and expressed extreme disgust with the exchange before he went, but he left a record behind him that will be talked of for a long time.

This particular citizen trailed into the Imperial about ten o'clock on the night of his arrival chewing the fag end of a burnt-out cigar and dragging a fox terrier by a string. A huge diamond blazed in his shirt front and a piece of quartz weighing almost a pound dangled from a heavy gold chain that was looped across his breast. He had on a suit that would have caused a commotion anywhere but in a mining camp, and another huge diamond glistened on his chubby finger. He lurched up to the desk, and with a yank of the string brought the fox terrier to "attention" under his feet, and then he said in a voice that seemed to emerge from the soles of his boots:

"Say, pardner, I want a room, and I want a good one."

The clerk soon furnished the stranger with suitable quarters. Then the man called a bellboy, and, throwing him the string of the fox terrior, said:

"Say, sonny, take that pup and give him a good feed. I am going to give him to a friend, and I want him looking like a winner. Brought him all the way from Colorado, and he's a thoroughbred. Look lively to him now and have him ready when I want him."

Then this man with the stamp of the quartz mill and the glaring signs of prosperity all over him turned to the clerk and looked intently at him for a moment. Then he broke forth confidently:

"You'll do, youngster, and I want you to sort of look after me while I am in these diggings. I'll make some money for you, too, while I am at it. I ain't much of a sassiety man, but I am honest, and I want you to put me on to the frills. I don't want to show my ign'rance to any of these yere mavericks lying around here, so if yer see me goin' wrong just toot your whistle. I'll fix it all right with ye."

The clerk promised, and the man of wealth marched off to explore the city. He evidently found things to his liking, for he strolled into the hotel about two o'clock in the morning, mellow and communicative. He confided the fact to the night clerk that he had got out into "real society" and he was "going to spruce up a bit and study the lingo." He eyed the clerk for some time, but did not seem to like him as well as the one that he encountered first. Then he walked over and sat down on a settee and stolidity watched the man behind the desk. Guest after guest came in, and each having secured his keys went upstairs to bed. Still the mining man sat in the chair, alert and watchful. He eyed everyone that came in anxiously.

At five o'clock in the morning the night clerk was getting restless, and the man in the chair was still on guard. At that time a belated guest came in, and, after glancing at the clock, took up his key and said with a faint attempt at mirth: "Well, I guess it is pretty near time to retire."

At that moment there was an explosion from the chair. The mining man jumped up and came to the desk. "Retire! That's it!" he exclaimed. "I have been trying to think of that blamed word for three hours. Gimme my key. I am goin' to retire. See yer later."

Before the clerk had time to recover from his astonishment the man from Denver had snatched his key and made a rush for the elevator. He was not heard from again until late in the afternoon next day and then he was still studying the "lingo."—N. Y. Tribune.

FOR THE TEA TABLE.

Something Pretty to Look Upon and Decidedly Palatable.

A novel idea has been worked out by a girl that may be of use to others.

She is planting a quantity of nasturtium seed, so that she will have quantities of these dainty, quaint little blossoms, and all this with an eye to her summer afternoon tea table.

First a mass of the many-colored, long-stemmed blossoms are massed in a cut-glass stand, or, better still, a round flower globe is a most attractive decoration.

But she does not intend them altogether for floral use, but as a filling for a very toothsome, dainty sandwich, which is made after this fashion:

Cut thin slices of white bread; butter lightly. Have in a bowl a quantity of the colored leaves picked from the nasturtium flower. Sprinkle a little salt, white pepper and mustard over them and bruise slightly with a wooden spoon.

A very thin filling of the flower leaves makes a dainty and appetizing sandwich, and one, it is said, very much used by lovers of the French cuisine.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not Surprising.

Mrs. Fogg—I've got some news for you, David. Carrie's engagement is broken.

Mr. Fogg—I'm not at all surprised. Since that new girl came into the house there has hardly been a day when something hasn't been broken.—Boston Transcript.

FEW PRESIDENTS HAD SONS.

Five Chief Executives of the United States Died Without Issue.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the presidents of the United States had few male children. Some had none at all, others daughters only, while, sadder still, the sons of several were taken away by the grim angel early in life and the longing ambition of their fathers for an extended family tree was blasted. Washington, Madison, Jackson and Polk had no issue. Jefferson, Monroe, Fillmore and Johnson had no sons. Buchanan was a bachelor. Pierce's two children, both boys, died before reaching maturity. Two sons of Abraham Lincoln died young, leaving Robert, who also lost a boy, but has another living. Benjamin Harrison's son has a daughter, and his daughter has a son, but there is no male child to perpetuate his name.

George Washington's desire for a son must have cost him great disappointment. In his waning years he gratified parental longings by adopting the grandchildren of his wife. These were George Washington Parke Custis and Nellie Custis. But even Washington's adopted son had no male issue, and his only child was married to Gen. Robert E. Lee. More fortunate than the immortal father of his country, Washington's brother had sons galore, and the descendants of these are living in the old dominion and in other parts of the United States. Some reside in Jefferson county, W. Va., others near the old Washington homestead in Westmoreland county, and others in Prince William and Fauquier. Miss Betty Washington, a great-grandniece of the general, inherited the Wakefield estate, where the first president was born, and is still living there to-day with her husband, John E. Wilson.

The name of Adams is legion, and the blood of two presidents of the United States runs in the veins of many men of prominence. The Adamses seem destined to maintain their place in politics and history. The son of John Quincy was minister to England during the civil war, and he, too, was a foremost candidate for presidential honors. Many of the independent republicans and the democrats who nominated Greeley in 1872 were anxious to confer that distinction on Charles Francis Adams.

Four sons were born to him — John Quincy, Charles Francis, Jr., Henry and Brooks. The two former served in the late war, and Charles Francis received the brevet of brigadier general. He attained greatest prominence, however, as president of the Union Pacific railroad. Henry Adams is the well-known historian, and resides in Washington, and Brooks, who also devotes himself to literature, lives in Boston. John Quincy Adams, the second, the son of Charles Francis, was twice nominated for governor of Massachusetts, and his two sons, George and Charles Francis, distinguished themselves in recent years at Harvard in the football field and in aquatics. Another son of John Quincy the second, who emulated the name of his grandfather, has emulated the presidential members of his family in entering politics, and is now mayor of Quincy. A second mayor of a Massachusetts city is also a descendant of the Adamses—Josiah Quincy, of Boston.

John Adams had another son, Judge Thomas B. Adams. Two of his children are living in Boston, and are the only surviving grandchildren of the second president. They are I. Hull Adams and Miss Elizabeth C. Adams. Both resided at the white house for a time while their uncle was president. J. Q. Adams Johnson, Joseph Henry Adams and John Peter Heylige De Wint obtained admission to the Society of the Sons of the Revolution through their descent from the second president. — Washington Post.

BUGS TELL THE TIME.

Missouri Jeweler Who Has Designed a Novel Timepiece.

A jeweler near the junction has a novel clock in his show window. It puzzles and amuses crowds every day. There is simply a dial 1½ feet square, apparently lying on a box an inch in depth. There are no hands and no holes in the dial. In spite of this the clock tells time perfectly. There are two little Mexican beetles of the green-bronze variety that have been more or less popular as scarfpins, etc., and they crawl about and mark the minutes and hours accurately. One of them rests on the outer circle of the dial and moves from one figure to another each hour. The other bug marches on the dial's inner circle and moves one-fifth of the space between the figures every minute. What tells the bugs when and how far to move is a mystery that 99 out of every 100 hundred who look at them give up in despair.

The bugs are plainly enough alive, else how could they walk? And there are no strings to them, so why do they not walk off about their own affairs, as any ordinary bug would do in no time?

"The thing's simple enough," said the man who knows it all, after glancing at the clock the other day. "The bugs are dead as Julius Caesar. Each of them is merely a shell and has a bit of steel set into its base. The clock has hands, only they are underneath instead of above the dial, and they are magnetized. Every time the hand forges ahead its attraction carries the steel and the little green bug shell along. Put a couple of steel pins on a sheet of paper and move a magnet around underneath and you'll see just how it works. It's too easy."

The man who knew went on to say that the jeweler was a shrewd fellow.

"See," he said, "he thought he'd head off all suspicion of magnets by setting those four fine watches on the four corners of his mystery. Just note, please, they are non-magnetic," will you? Oh, it's a cinch how the thing works!"—Kansas City World.

—Babylon was burned by Cyrus when taken B. C. 538, but the city was rebuilt with greater splendor than before. Its final destruction was by fire after a siege and capture.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—The Canadian papers say that Sir Oliver Mowat, the premier of Ontario, has redeemed his promise to the Prisoners' Aid society to appoint a woman inspector of prison for the province.

—Mr. Gladstone's political life, as represented in the pages of Punch, is soon to be published in London. He had been nine years in parliament before Punch appeared. The first pictures of him are by Richard Doyle and John Leech.

—The sultan of Turkey, who consumes a larger number of cigarettes than any other royal personage in Europe, is run very closely by the German emperor. The czar of Russia has recently taken to cigarettes, but the pipe used to be his favorite.

—Napoleon, if we may believe his portraits, was characterized by a deathly pallor. The same is true of Marlborough, Wellington and Clive; in fact, alone among warriors, Nelson retained the fresh color of youth. The same is even more true in the case of poets.

—It is said that President Kruger of the Transvaal republic had confined his readings to the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress" until recently, when some one gave him one of Mark Twain's books. The humor of the American joker happened to hit the Boer ruler in the right place, and he has purchased a full set of Mr. Clemens' books.

—Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, who is the projector of the Berlin Industrial exhibition, which was opened a few days ago, is a son of the famous "Red Prince," Frederick Charles, the cavalry leader. He is a third cousin and brother-in-law of the emperor of Germany, and is the richest member of the Hohenzollern family.

—The richest man in the world is said to be John B. Robinson, of South Africa. Eighteen years ago he kept a grocery store in the Orange Free State, and was in debt. He and his wife begged their way to Kimberley, where Robinson picked up a rough diamond worth $1,216. This was the foundation of his fortune, which is now estimated at $340,620,000.

—During some private theatricals at the Saxon court recently Crown Princess Frederick took the part of a maid servant. The extremely realistic way in which she portrayed a vulgar young woman moistening and polishing a leather shoe brought her a reproof from the king himself, who said: "We are among ourselves, it is true, but even then a royal princess ought not to play so exactly the manners of a maid."

SHREWD ENGLISH DETECTIVES.

Get Pointers in Their Business by Watching the Newspapers.

There is one official at Scotland Yard who is but little known to the public, but who all the same works very hard and successfully for the public good by closely scanning, day in and day out, the advertisements appearing in every London newspaper.

This official's primary duty is to keep a bright lookout for the very numerous swindling class which advertises for managers and so on prepared to invest money; but, quite beyond this, he, in the most careful manner, notes all advertisements that strike him as being in any way suspicious, handing them over to the heads of different departments. He is himself an expert in all matters that deal with cipher writing, and part of his duty is to translate every cipher that may appear, handing over a copy of his translation to active members of the staff when anything is revealed that justifies such a course.

The writer had the privilege the other day of a short chat with this official—a bright young fellow, speaking several languages, who said:

"I am afraid that I am not allowed to tell you much, but I may say that no day ever passes without my handing over some advertisement for inquiry. Our scrutiny in this way has become very keen recently, for it is an open secret that certain foreign catch advertisement swindlers are expected here again ere long.

"Besides, there have been exposed in court many cases of swindling recently which have depended solely on alluring advertisements. In two of them I gave warning long ago, but no prosecutor would come forward. Were I allowed to do so, I could show you hundreds of most mysterious cipher advertisements in the book over there, the bulk of these, of course, being between lovers, but many of them containing warnings from one educated swindler to another.

"Of course, you know that thieves even are all specialists nowadays, and it is surprising how soon a bogus advertisement swindler gets to work again in the same direction when he is released from jail. I am advised of the release of these men, and the characteristics of their style are soon observable again in the advertisement columns.

"We, as a rule, warn them at once that we recognize the new plant, and in this way hundreds of warnings are sent out yearly, and do an amount of good that the public knows nothing of. My duty is very monotonous, and I dare not get even a single edition behindhand."—London Tit-Bits.

Pacific Island in State of Eruption.

The island of Soccorro, 400 miles off the Mexican coast, is in a state of eruption. Two months ago, which is the latest date that news was received of the island, lava was running down the mountain sides, overflowing the lowlands and traveling to the sea. The news came in a letter to the hydrographic office from the schooner Zampa. Capt. Peterson of the vessel spoke the Danish bark Schwalde of Guayamas, which reported having passed Soccorro on March 20. The sky and sea were filled with ashes miles away from the island and the blazing mountain was first made out at night. It was a magnificent sight, the Danish captain said, but he did not dare venture too near on account of the troubled condition of the ocean.—Chicago News.